

Dear Reader,

Excited I get off the train at Disneyland Paris with a camera, a baguette and a bag of Kodak films. My plan is to make photos with Mickey Mouse. In my vision Mickey's rounded black and white shapes is a great starting point for making double exposures: abstract with the implied familiar.

Soon I'm inside the gates where I discover that Mickey is the big diva of Disneyland. I thought he would be everywhere but here there's only one costumed Mickey Mouse visible at a time, and he has little time to pose for my little art project.

Most of the day he is busy inside his dark residence waiting for you. After queuing for hours, you will meet the Mouse sitting on a recliner, ready to be photographed, in artificial light! I had imagined Mickey in crisp daylight and Kodachrome colors... So disappointed, I never go in, I only talk to the bodyguards outside.

Later in the day I pick rumors that Mickey is attending the daily parade on the main street. I rig myself hanging on a Disneyfied street lamp. And there he is! Sporting a blue and white tuxedo with white stars; the dull 25th year DLP anniversary outfit. No bouncy black body contrasting the giant white gloves. No red hot hot-pants. So I save my precious Kodak Ektar Color Negative Film for later.

"The happiest place on Earth", Disneyland's former motto, is a disappointment. I look around and see an outdated amusement park with overpriced hotdogs. I walk up and down the main street of America at twilight, going rounds with myself. The fireworks over the castle begin. A huge projection of Frozen fills the sky and a voice suddenly starts singing "Let it go". I'm full of spareribs (in lieu of my dry baguette), hallucinating.

The real product is not in front of me in the physical Disneyland, it is inside me! The Disney mythology and the tale of America is the actual product, and is already stored inside my body. In billions of bodies. The park is nothing without the inner sense of Disney. It needs us to come to life!

What had seemed like the most visually dense place on earth, ironically with no room for actual imagination, is laying there spread out and waiting for my double-exposed camera snaps. Half documenting, half creating, I'm Goofy the flâneur. Remembering without stored contents.